A POWER COMIC

THE 'WAY-OUT' COMIC FOR THE IN CROWD

SMASH!

No. 133

AUG 17th 1968

EVERY MONDAY

7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS

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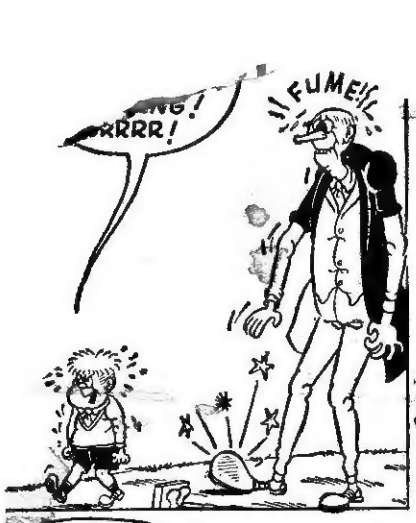

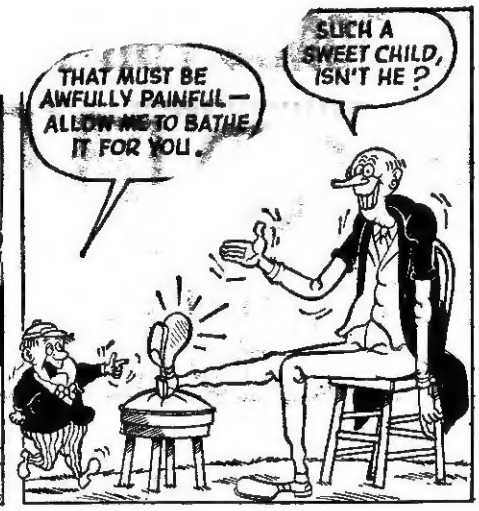

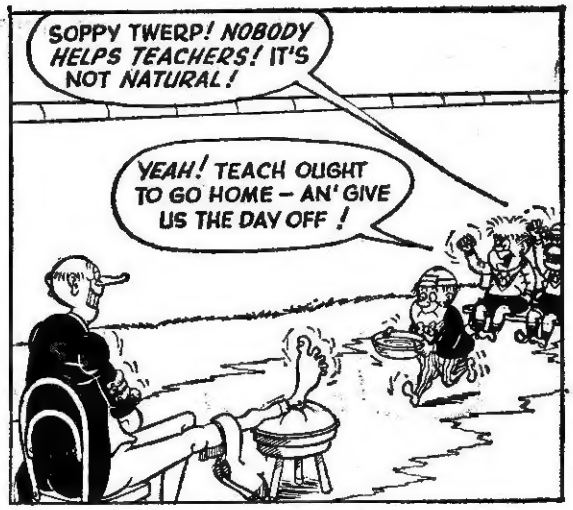

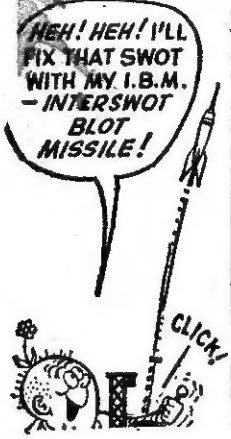

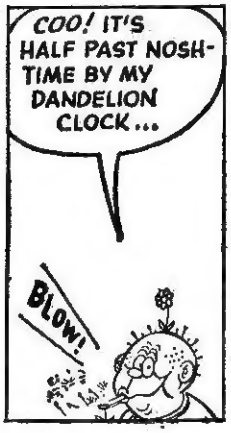

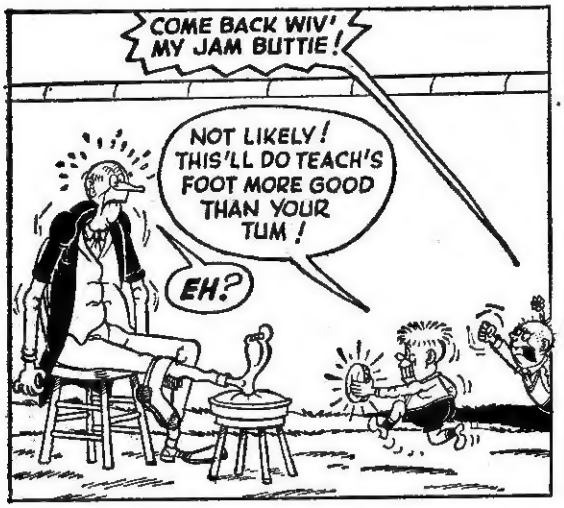

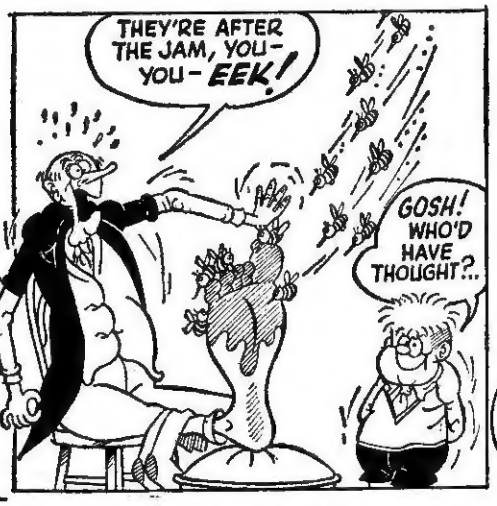

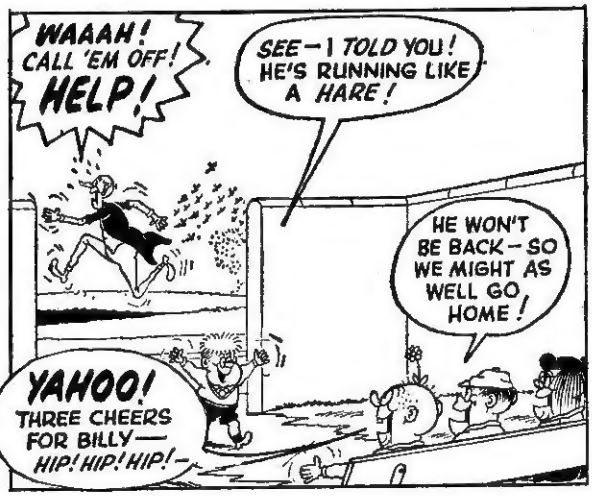

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS THE POSSESSOR OF AN AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN. BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY COMMANDANT KIRST, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN MAKING IT APPEAR THAT PART OF CORNWALL HAS RETURNED TO THE TIME OF THE 1914-18 WORLD WAR. THEY STOW AWAY ABOARD KIRST'S BOAT... BUT ARE SEEN.

SO YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON US! WE'LL MAKE YOU SORRY FOR THAT!

NOW THIS FELLOW KNOWS WE'RE ON BOARD WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, BRIAN. APART FROM OLD COMMANDER HARCOURT ALL THE OFFICERS AND CREW ARE KIRST'S MEN!

BUT THEN ANOTHER VOICE IS HEARD — THE VOICE OF COMMANDER HARCOURT.

LIEUTENANT! I DID NOT GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE WHEELHOUSE. RETURN HERE AT ONCE!

THE RE-CREATION OF THE 1914-18 WAR-PERIOD... THE REPLICA OF COMMANDER HARCOURT'S OLD BOAT... ALL THIS HAS BEEN DONE TO CONVINCE THE CRAZY OLD COMMANDER THAT HE IS RE-LIVING THE PAST.

AYE, AYE, SIR!

THE OLD FOOL REALLY THINKS IT IS 1916 AND THAT HE'S IN COMMAND OF HIS OLD SHIP. FOR THE MOMENT WE'VE ALL GOT TO PLAY ALONG WITH HIM — OR HE MAY SUSPECT THE TRUTH.

BRIAN AND DUFFY HASTEN BELOW TO THE LOWER DECK.

WHEW! THAT WAS A LUCKY LET-OFF!

IF ONLY WE CAN FIND THE RADIO ROOM BEFORE ANYONE ELSE SEES US! WE WON'T HAVE LONG BECAUSE FIRST CHANCE HE GETS, THAT LIEUTENANT WILL BE HUNTING US DOWN!

THIS IS THE PLACE WE WANT!

WITH LUCK THERE WILL ONLY BE ONE MAN INSIDE. I'M GOING TO TRY AND OVERPOWER HIM — WITH THE HELP OF THE BRAIN.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

BEFORE THE MAN REALISES BRIAN'S INTENTION THE BOY IS UPON HIM, FISTS FLAILING BRAVELY.

THE RADIO OPERATOR JERKS ROUND AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT..?

YOU LITTLE FOOL! I'LL THRASH YOU UNTIL YOU'RE BLACK AND BLUE!
COME ON, BRAIN. DO SOMETHING!
THE BRAIN BEGINS TO GLOW.

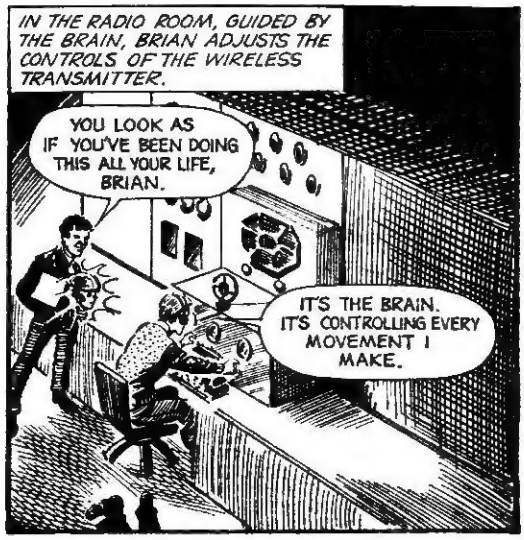
SUDDENLY BRIAN SEEMS TO FIND A NEW SKILL AND STRENGTH.
IT'S THE BRAIN HELPING ME!
OUF!

A PROFESSIONAL BOXER COULD NOT PRODUCE A FINER PUNCH THAN THE RIGHT-HAND BLOW WHICH BRIAN DELIVERS TO THE POINT OF THE MAN'S CHIN.
GOOD OLD BRIAN! YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT!

BRIAN DRAGS THE HEADPHONES OVER HIS EARS AND SITS DOWN BEFORE THE ELABORATE TRANSMITTING SET.
I'VE NO IDEA HOW TO WORK THIS THING.
I WILL HELP YOU, BRIAN.

MEANWHILE THE 'LIEUTENANT' HAS AT LAST FOUND AN EXCUSE TO LEAVE THE WHEELHOUSE.
I MUST GET TO COMMANDANT KIRST AT ONCE. HE MUST BE TOLD ABOUT THE PRESENCE OF THOSE BOYS.

UNAWARE OF THE TRICK THAT IS BEING PLAYED UPON HIM COMMANDER HARCOURT IS FILLED WITH A MOUNTING EXCITEMENT.
HELMSMAN— STARBOARD TEN!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
THE SHIP IS FILLED WITH GOLD BULLION. I'VE GOT TO GET IT THROUGH TO PORTSMOUTH. KING GEORGE AND ALL BRITAIN ARE DEPENDING ON ME!


IN THE RADIO ROOM, GUIDED BY THE BRAIN, BRIAN ADJUSTS THE CONTROLS OF THE WIRELESS TRANSMITTER.
YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE BEEN DOING THIS ALL YOUR LIFE, BRIAN.
IT'S THE BRAIN. IT'S CONTROLLING EVERY MOVEMENT I MAKE.

HERE GOES!
S.O.S. WE ARE OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL, NOT FAR FROM TREGARVON! WE DESPERATELY NEED HELP! PLEASE—

BEFORE BRIAN CAN SAY ANOTHER WORD THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN.
COMMANDANT KIRST!
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE GET AWAY FROM THAT SET! AT ONCE!

WITH KIRST'S GUN TRAINED UPON THEM THE BOYS ARE HAULED FROM THE RADIO ROOM.
EVEN THE BRAIN CAN'T HELP US AGAINST BULLETS.
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT YOUR RADIO MESSAGE WAS PICKED UP. BUT IT'S A SLIM CHANCE!
WHAT HAPPENS NOW? CHECK OUT YOUR GUESS WITH NEXT WEEK'S SURPRISE THRILLS!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

INTO the garret the other day ventured Power-reader PETER PHILIPS, comics fan first class and part-editor of "Heroes Unlimited," home-produced fanzine for similarly dedicated buffs! . . . (and incidentally the same fanzine whose readers voted FANTASTIC top of the British comics!). Peter came to pay a social call on AFFABLE ALF and also found time to yak matters of interest comics-wise with KID KEN MENNELL. One question Pete put was one which many of you true followers have asked in your letters . . . namely why here in the U.K. do we not feature the names of artist and writer of the various comics stories? . . . as for instance do our Marvel cousins in the States! A profound, nor even a practical reason KID KEN could not unearth. Seems it all comes down to a kind of tradition! Like no-one ever having DONE this, so no-one STARTS doing same. Maybe a tradition based on a typical British aversion to blowin' our own trumpets. In other words MODESTY! . . . a virtue which, as all true Brothers of Power are fully aware, your garret editorializers have in plenty! So now you letter-scribes can stop bombarding us with this same question, right? 'Cause now you know the answer! Or DO you?

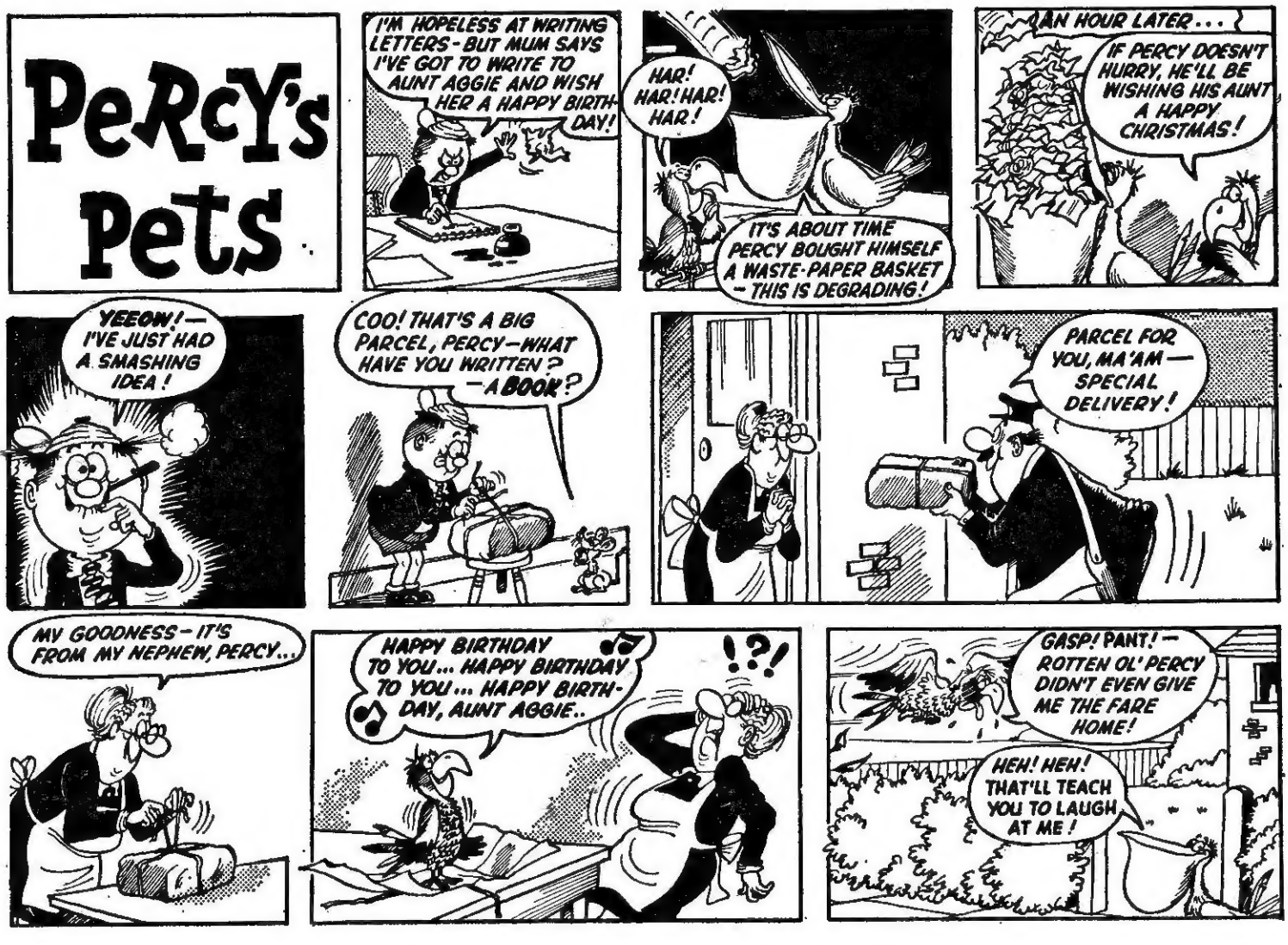
It is this same modesty that prevents us from exclaiming *too* much about what a HAPPY idea is our "SPOT THE BOOB" feature in FANTASTIC! For us as well as you! Because we have great fun deciding on which mistake to put in this week! And when we've chosen a LULU isn't it nice to have our leader *congratulate* us on making *a boob!!* Certainly makes a change!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Peter Coffey, Bolton, Lancs.; Malcolm Kyle, Glamorgan, South Wales; Ivan Goldlaing, Seven Kings, Ilford; Dennis J. Birrell, Plymouth, Devon; Raymond Holdsworth, Elland, Yorkshire; John Simpson, Queensland, Australia; Graham Puck, Edgware, Middx.; Keith Floyd, Birmingham 14; Mark Johns, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Mike Smythe, Stanmore, Middx.; Tony Beardmore, Stafford; Ernest J. Ellwood, Barbon, Lancs.; Richard Donnelly, Huddersfield, Yorks.; Susie Clinkard, Colchester, Essex; Graham Almond, Dundee, Scotland; Harry Evans, Glamorgan, South Wales; John Harty, Liverpool; Adrian Delware, Hendon, London; Martin Rogers, Redbridge, Essex; Paul Wilks, Kingston, Surrey.

And speaking about LULUS . . . big-hearted CASANOVA COS has come up with another! Another *competition* for all your Powerhousers! MORE great prizes going for no-cash FREE! Timing's not right to give you more info now (we don't want to ruin the EFFECT!) but we *can* tell you it's open to all readers of the Power Pack . . . and that you'll know MUCH MORE about it . . . NEXT WEEK!

Remember we were saying a week or so back about how our super-heroes have a habit of running into each other ("guest-starring" in each others' tales is one way of putting it) . . . well this week . . . *in FANTASTIC! . . . this tendency is carried to the ULTIMATE HEIGHTS! Literally! For this week our very earthy green-skinned giant HULK rampages his way up to . . . you'll never guess it! . . . to ASGARD! . . .* Home of the Norse Gods! *And if you think that adds up to a titanic tale you'll NEVER forget! . . . you're* right! *See for yourselves! In FANTASTIC . . .* right now!



Yes! IT'S DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

in

"The MIDNIGHT STALKER"

STRANDED IN ENGLAND AFTER HIS LATEST ESCAPADE, DAREDEVIL FINDS LORD PLUNDER (EX-LORD OF THE JUNGLE, KA-ZAR) BESIEGED IN PLUNDER CASTLE. FOR WHY? BECAUSE THE ENRAGED POPULACE BLAME KA-ZAR AND HIS PET SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER FOR A RECENT OUTBREAK OF LOOTING. SO IT'S D-D TO THE RESCUE...!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967

YOU! SO--YOU TURN AGAINST KA-ZAR, TOO!
TURN AGAINST YOU? HOLD ON, JUNGLE MAN--YOU'RE NOT READING ME!
YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, MISTER! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!
YOU LIE! YOU COME TO CAPTURE KA-ZAR!
HIS PULSE RATE IS SPEEDING UP! HE'S ABOUT TO ATTACK!

HOLD IT! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE ALL WRONG!

PTHOK!
I SAID HOLD IT!

RRRRRR
OH BOY! THIS IS ALL I NEEDED!

WHUTTT

GOT TO MOVE FASTER THAN EVER! ONE SWIPE OF THOSE CLAWS, AND I'M A GONER!
TTTT

ZABU! STAY BACK!
THIS BATTLE KA-ZAR WAGES ALONE!
BOK!

KA-ZAR NEVER THOUGHT YOU WOULD TURN AGAINST HIM!

I DIDN'T, YOU LONG-HAIRED, MUSCLE-BOUND, TREE-SWINGING LUNKHEAD!
BUT YOU'RE MAKING ME WISH I DID!
KA-ZAR FEARS NO ONE! NO ONE!
SPOOP!

JUST BETWEEN US, FELLA!
=MPFFF!=
I NEVER THOUGHT OF YOU AS A SCAIRDY CAT!

NOW--I'VE ONLY GOT SECONDS TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS ...WHILE HE FIGHTS TO CATCH HIS BREATH AGAIN!
IF I CAN JUST MAKE ONE PHONE CALL...
I'LL KNOW FOR SURE IF HE'S THE MIDNIGHT STALKER THAT'S TERRORIZING THE COUNTRYSIDE!
I'LL LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND ME ...AND HOPE IT HOLDS!

EXACTLY TWENTY SECONDS LATER...
MUCH OBLIGED! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
BAM!
THUD!
POW
GOT TO GO NOW! COMPANY'S COMING!

NO DOOR CAN KEEP KA-ZAR OUT!
KRA

I'VE GOTTA PLAY A HUNCH!
IF I'M RIGHT-- I'LL LEARN THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS!
IF I'M WRONG! I'M =PFFTT!=
OKAY, SON--FOLLOW THE LEADER!

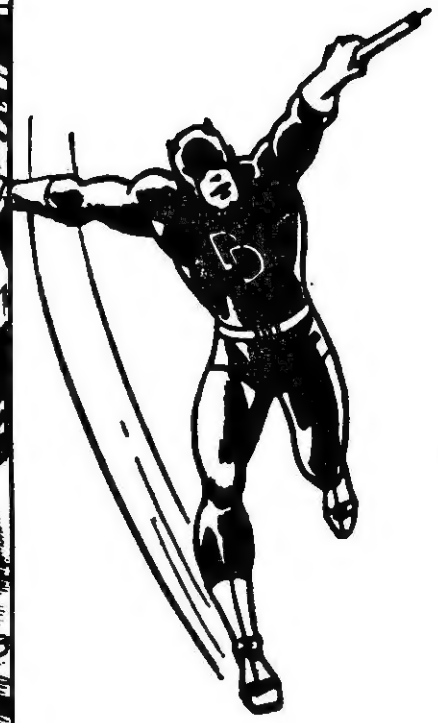
THIS IS IT! I'M RIGHT OVER THE SPOT!
HOLD IT, KA-ZAR! I CAN PROVE I'M ON YOUR SIDE!
NO USE! HE'S TOO ANGRY-- TOO FAR GONE! CAN'T REASON WITH HIM!
ALL I CAN DO IS PLAY ON HIS ANGER-- TRY TO EXPLOIT IT!
OKAY, WILD MAN! HAVE IT YOUR WAY! HERE'S WHERE I FINISH YOU OFF-- FOR GOOD!

HEY! WHOA! LOOK OUT! WATCH IT!
NOBODY FINISHES KA-ZAR!
YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME! FOR THAT, YOU MUST PAY!

SUCH IS LAW OF JUNGLE! SUCH IS LAW OF KA-ZAR!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
IF I'M HITTIN' THE DRINK, I WANT SOME COMPANY DOWN THERE!
AND, SINCE YOU'RE THE ONE AROUND-- YOU'RE ELECTED, PAL!

THEN, SECONDS AFTER IMPACT...
SPLASHH
UNDERWATER, MY SENSES MIGHT BE DULLER THAN HIS! IF I DON'T FIND WHAT I'M HOPING FOR, AND FIND IT FAST, I'LL-- WAIT!
I WAS RIGHT! IT'S JUST AHEAD OF ME! MY RADAR SENSES COULDN'T MISS IT AT THIS DISTANCE!
JUST WHAT I GUESSED I'D FIND--A HIDDEN SUBMARINE!



KA-ZAR SEES IT, TOO! IT'S AROUSED HIS CURIOSITY--AS I KNEW IT WOULD! HE'S FORGOTTEN OUR FIGHT-- FOR THE TIME BEING!
I NEED HIS STRENGTH-- TO HELP WITH THIS WHEEL! CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH FOR--
AHH! HERE HE COMES!

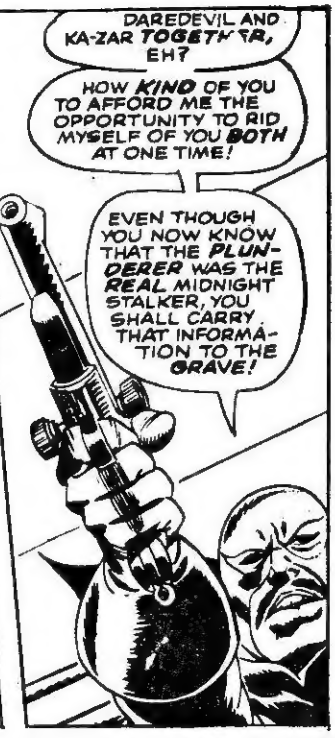
THEY'RE WAITING FOR US BELOW! BUT-- CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!
IT'S DAREDEVIL! GET READY!
HE DOESN'T REALIZE HIS SOFTEST WHISPER IS LIKE A SHOUT TO ME!

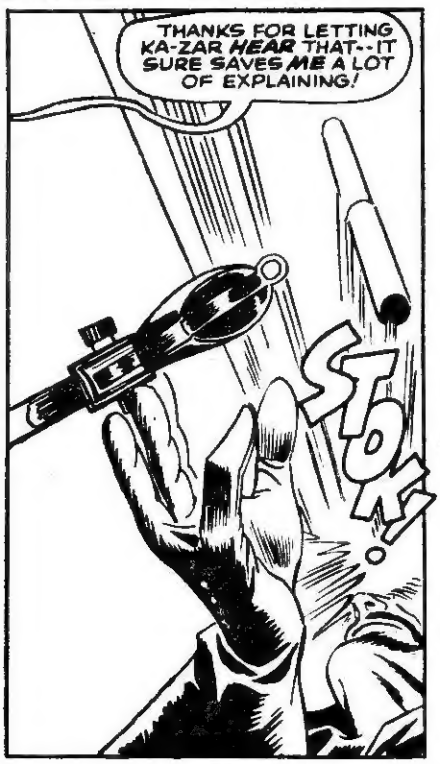
NOW! GET HIM!
HE IS OURS!
THANKS, GUYS! IT'S GREAT TO FEEL WANTED!

BUT I'M TOO YOUNG TO GO STEADY!
FTAW!

YOU HAVE LED ME TO MY REAL ENEMIES, DAREDEVIL! FOR THIS I AM TRULY GRATEFUL!
YOK
I'M PLEASED AS PUNCH, KA-ZAR...
SO HOW ABOUT LENDING A GUY A HAND?

YOU SHALL NOT FIND KA-ZAR WANTING, MY FRIEND!
THUNNG!


DAREDEVIL AND KA-ZAR TOGETHER, EH?
HOW KIND OF YOU TO AFFORD ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO RID MYSELF OF YOU BOTH AT ONE TIME!
EVEN THOUGH YOU NOW KNOW THAT THE PLUNDERER WAS THE REAL MIDNIGHT STALKER, YOU SHALL CARRY THAT INFORMATION TO THE GRAVE!


THANKS FOR LETTING KA-ZAR HEAR THAT--IT SURE SAVES ME A LOT OF EXPLAINING!
STOK

KA-ZAR IS SORRY HE DID NOT TRUST YOU!
THAT'S OKAY, SON! I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU FOR A WHILE, ALSO!

HOLD IT, BOYS! I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY STORY YET!
BUT THEN I REALIZED HOW EASY IT WOULD BE FOR SOMEONE TO FAKE THE PRINT OF A TIGER ON A WRECKED COTTAGE WALL...
OR, TO WALK BAREFOOT ON THE MOORS, LETTING THE FEARFUL VILLAGERS THINK THAT YOU HAD TURNED SAVAGE AGAIN!
ESPECIALLY SOMEONE AS CLEVER--AND AS RUTHLESS AS YOUR STEP-BROTHER--THE PLUNDERER!
AND US FEARLESS FANATICS HATE TO BE INTERRUPTED!

ESPECIALLY BY A PAIR OF PISTOL-PACKIN' PINHEADS WHO DON'T REALIZE THAT PIRACY WENT OUT WITH HIGH-BUTTON SHOES!
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME--
ZOP!
PAD

--WOULDJA BELIEVE MY BUDDY--KA-ZAR?
FEWK!

YOU FOOLS! NAKED FISTS ALONE CAN'T BRING VICTORY THIS TIME!
NOT WHEN I HAVE THE WEAPON SUPREME ABOARD MY SHIP!

NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN WITHSTAND THE DEADLY TOUCH OF MY NERVE BOLT RAY!
JUST ONE BLAST, AND I WILL INHERIT PLUNDER CASTLE--AND ALL THE TREASURE TO BE FOUND THEREIN!

BUT, THE MURDEROUS PLUNDERER HAS FAILED TO RECKON WITH THE DAZZLING, JUNGLE-BRED SPEED OF HIS SAVAGE STEP-BROTHER...
SO THAT IS WHY YOU MADE PEOPLE RISE AGAINST ME!
YOU WANTED THE CASTLE-- AND THE INHERITANCE -- OF KA-ZAR!

YOU SAID IT, PARTNER! HE HOPED PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU WERE THE MIDNIGHT STALKER!
HE WANTED YOU SHOT, SO HE COULD BE LORD PLUNDER ONCE MORE!
NOW KA-ZAR UNDERSTANDS!
HE TERRORIZED THE MOORS, THEN HID IN HIS SUB, WHILE...
LOOK OUT! THE NERVE RAY!

PLUNDERER, THAT WAS A MOST UNFRIENDLY THING TO DO!
MY OWN BROTHER-- DEADLIER THAN A JUNGLE BEAST!
IF I MUST FAIL, THEN WE'LL ALL PERISH TOGETHER!

YOU CAN'T EVADE THE RAY FOREVER!
DON'T BET ON IT, BAD MAN!
KA-ZAR! DUCK!
PETAD
OKAY, MISTER-- THAT'S THE BALL GAME!
UNNHHH!
DAREDEVIL! THE SHIP-- I CAN FEEL IT RISING!
WE'RE IN LUCK, KA-ZAR! WHEN YOUR STEP-BROTHER FELL BACK, HE LANDED AGAINST THE CONTROL LEVER--SO WE'RE ON OUR WAY HOME!
BY THE WAY, FELLA--WHAT DO YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU? DO YOU PREFER KAY OR ZAR?

ALAS, WE'RE NOT DESTINED TO LEARN THE JUNGLE LORD'S REPLY BECAUSE, ALMOST BEFORE WE KNOW IT...
YOU'LL FIND OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE IN HIS SUB, OFFICER, PROVING THAT THE PLUNDERER WAS REALLY THE MIDNIGHT STALKER!
YOU HAVE DONE US A GREAT SERVICE, DARE-DEVIL!
COME ALONG, YOU!
BUT, HOW DID YOU GUESS IT WAS HE?
SIMPLE...

ONLY THE PLUNDERER HAD A MOTIVE... TAKING OVER KA-ZAR'S ESTATES!
KNOWING HE HAD BEEN SENT TO JAIL, I PHONED THE GOVERNOR AND LEARNED HE HAD ESCAPED!
HERE'S THE GOVERNOR NOW!
YOU CAUGHT THE PLUNDERER AGAIN! GOOD SHOW, LADS!
WE'LL HAVE HIM SAFELY BACK IN HIS CELL IN NO TIME, SIR!

SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W. C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Referring to Mr. Knowall's challenge in Smash 127, the one about making 100 out of 99s, you did it all wrong. To set the sum out properly you should use brackets as the plus and minus signs divide sums like these up. You work out what is in the brackets first and then do the sum. Done properly it would read:

$$(99 \times 99) + (99 \div 99) = 100$$
$$99 \times 99 = 9801$$
$$99 \div 99 = 1$$
$$9801 \div 1 = 9802$$

The way you should have written it would be:

$$\frac{(99 \times 99)}{99} = \frac{99}{99} = \frac{9900}{99} = 100$$

Another way of doing it would be:

$$(99 \div 99) = 99 = 1 + 99 = 100$$

Also:

$$(99 \times 99) = (99 \div 99) - 99 + 99$$

Yours sincerely,
Matthew Hayes,
Appleby, Westmorland.

Ever heard that old phrase about blinding 'em with science? Now we know what it feels like on the receiving end! Don't blame us too much, Matthew; our field is the creation of deathless literature and aesthetically satisfying art-work. When it comes to adding up—we're lucky if we can give the right change for a bus fare!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think Smash is great. It has suspense, laughter and gripping adventures, all thrown into one. But in Brian's Brain (ish 125), it said, "The object on the bridge is an explosive charge of a type used in the 1914-1918 war!" Looking in an encyclopaedia I found that the date of the first world war was 1914-1919. Is this true or not?

Laurence Michael Clarke,
Weymouth,
Dorset.

You're right on a technicality, Michael. What took place on November 11th, 1918, at 11 a.m. was the signing of an armistice, which means (looking in our encyclopaedia) a "cessation from arms; a short truce." Hostilities stopped on that day and there was no more fighting, but the actual peace treaty was signed at Versailles on June 28th, 1919, and that was when the war officially came to an end. So we're both right. Isn't that nice?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I only started reading Smash four days ago! I went to the newsagent and decided to try Smash. I took it home and read it, then went straight back and bought the other three issues that were in the newsagents! After this I am determined to obtain the rest. I am 13 years old and I find Smash much more interesting than any 12c. comic. I'm reading February issues because I'm in Australia. If it is possible would you please send me a letter? Your fan,

Ray Grogan,
Coolbellup, Fremantle, W. Australia.

We'll do better than that, Ray—we're printing your letter in our peerless pages, and sending you a pound, and we hope you'll be a Smash fan for a long, long time to come!

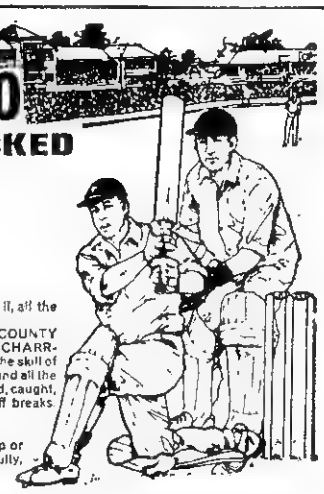
Alf and Cos.

DISPLAY EDITION
COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball, etc. 24/11

CLUB EDITION
COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball etc together with Green Baize Cricket pitch 49/11

TEST MATCH EDITION
COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball etc with Green Baize Cricket pitch, Sightscreens, Groundsmen & Roller, Spectators, Deck Chairs & Scoreboard. 69/11

SUBBUTEO
THE ACTION PACKED
TABLE CRICKET GAME

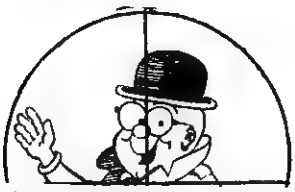


A NEW TABLE GAME--where the Cricket Enthusiast can produce, at will, all the finesse of the great Summer game.
Play your own TEST MATCHES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS GILLETTE and CHARRINGTON CUP MATCHES! With all the skill of real cricket - bowling, double wickets and all the OUTS, such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, L.B.W., run out, etc. Spin, leg and off breaks. Hits for six, four and odd runs.

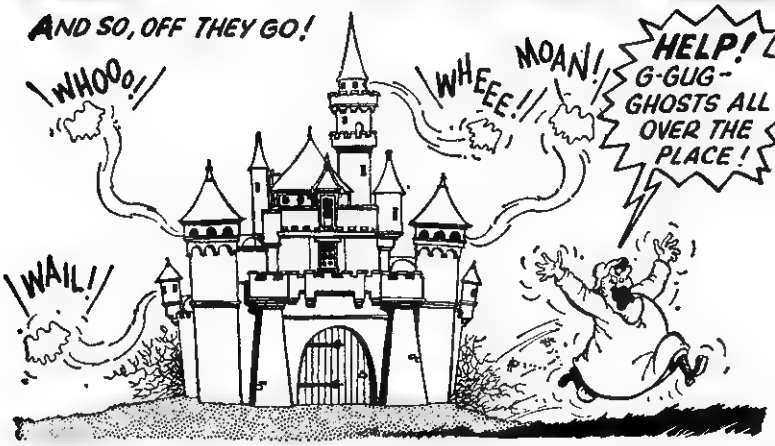
Ask at your local Sports or Toy Shop or Departmental Store. In case of difficulty, write for List of Stockists, to:-

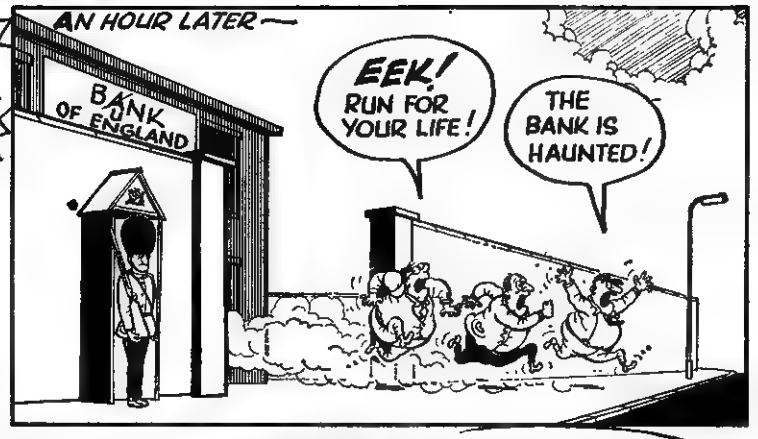
SUBBUTEO
Dpt C14 Langton Green
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

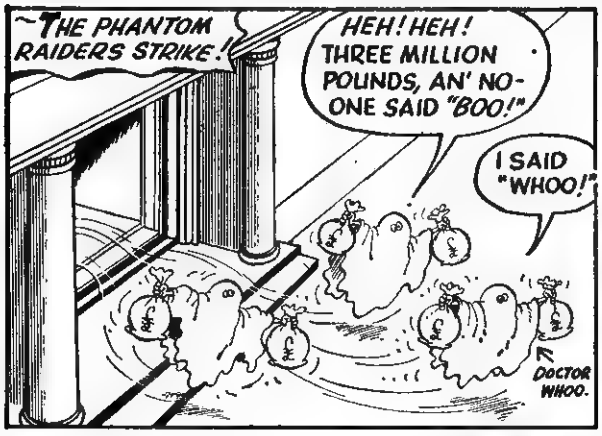
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

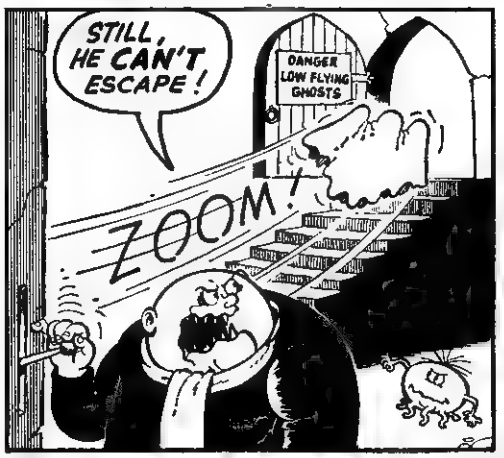


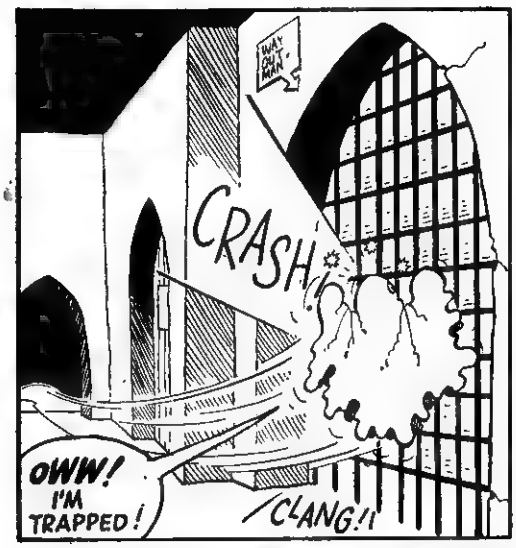
IN THE DEPTHS OF CASTLE EEK, OUR OLD FIEND **GRIMLY FEENDISH**, PREPARES TO HAUNT BRITAIN WITH HIS HOVER-GHOSTS. CAN, LARRY, THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E., STOP HIM? COULD **YOU** IF YOU WERE CHAINED TO THE WALL, AS LARRY IS?!!



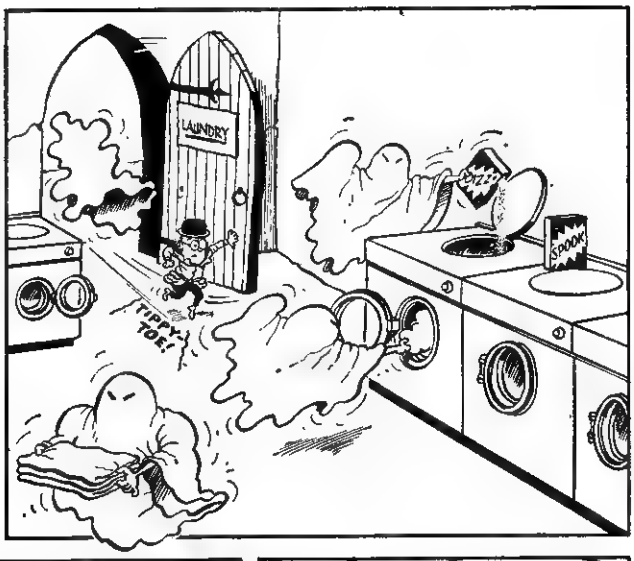






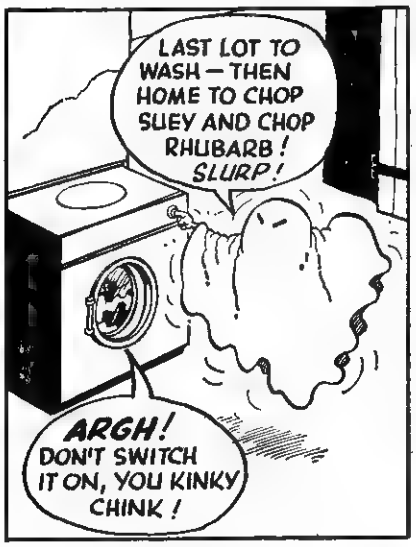

WAY OUT MAN
CRASH
OWW! I'M TRAPPED!
CLANG!!

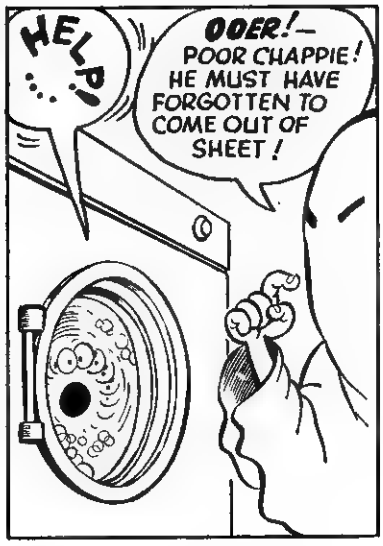
THAT'S WHERE THEY WASH THE DIRTY SHEETS—I'LL HIDE CLEAN AWAY IN THERE!
LAUNDRY


LAUNDRY
TIPPY-TOE!
SPOOK

LARRY TO B.U.N.G.L.E. HQ.! AM TRAPPED WITHOUT A GHOST OF A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! NEED HELP...

FLOP!


LAST LOT TO WASH—THEN HOME TO CHOP SUEY AND CHOP RHUBARB! SLURP!
ARGH! DON'T SWITCH IT ON, YOU KINKY CHINK!


HELP!...
ODER!—POOR CHAPPIE! HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO COME OUT OF SHEET!

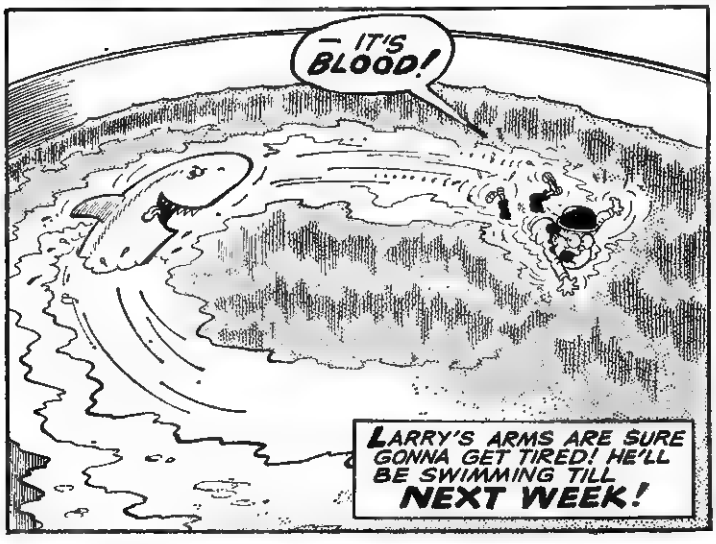
YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP NOW, LAD! THIS TIME YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE!

NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO DYE!
DON'T DROP ME IN THERE—I CAN'T SWIM!

AAGH! ROTTEN THING!

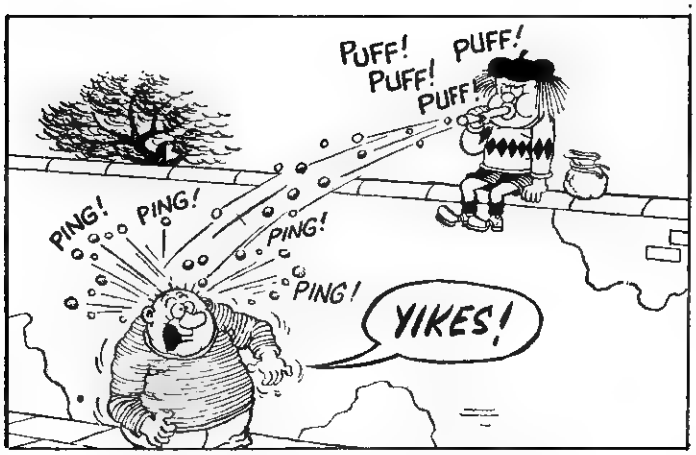
HEH! HEH! OLD BALD-BONCE HAS SLIPPED UP—HE DIDN'T KNOW I CAN SWIM!
CRAFTY OL' ME!

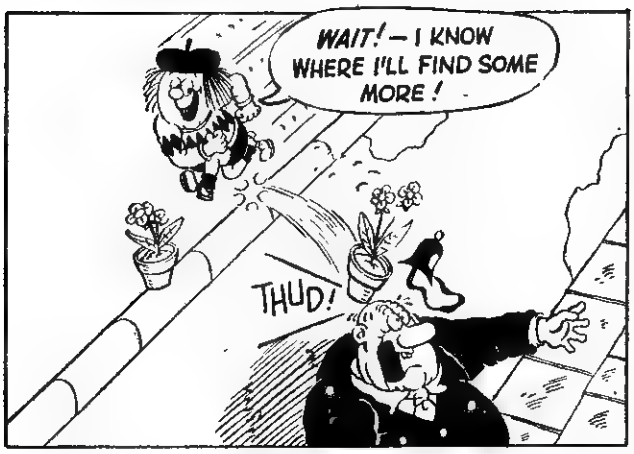
AAAGH! A MAN-EATER! THIS ISN'T RED DYE, AT ALL—

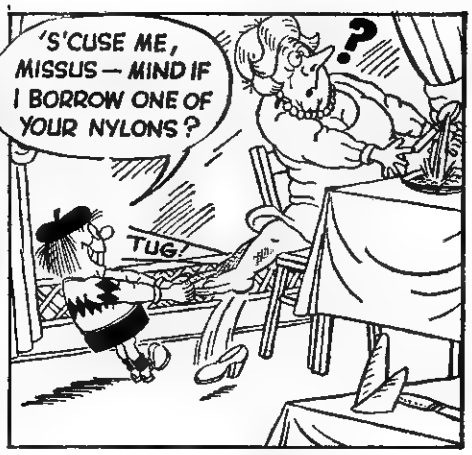

—IT'S BLOOD!
LARRY'S ARMS ARE SURE GONNA GET TIRED! HE'LL BE SWIMMING TILL NEXT WEEK!

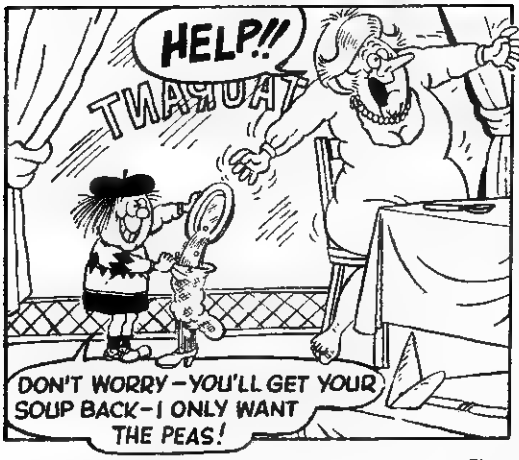
BAD PENNY

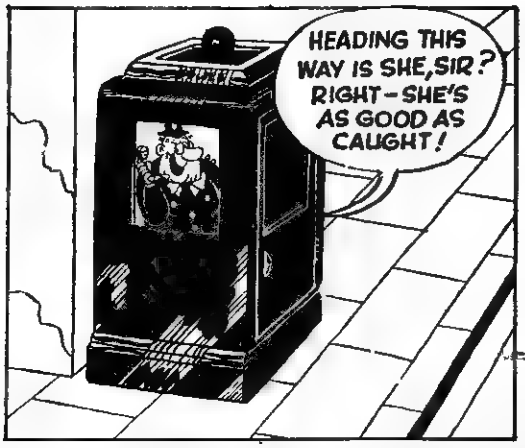
ONE PENNY 1968











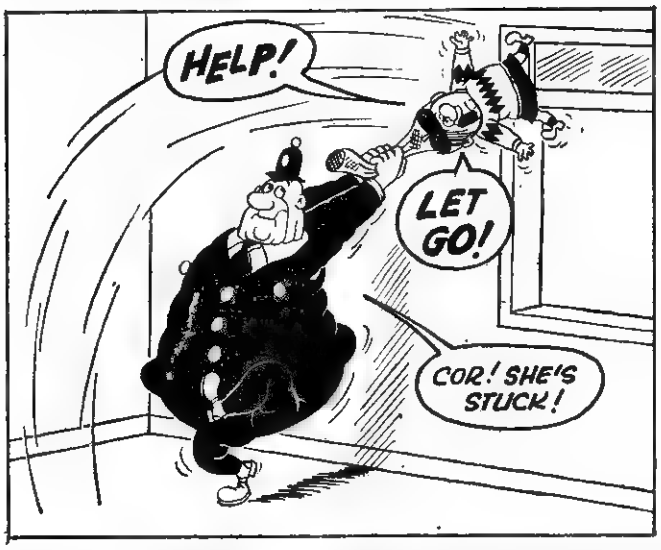
LATER—
SAFELY HOME—AND MY PEAS ARE DRYING NICELY IN THE OVEN—

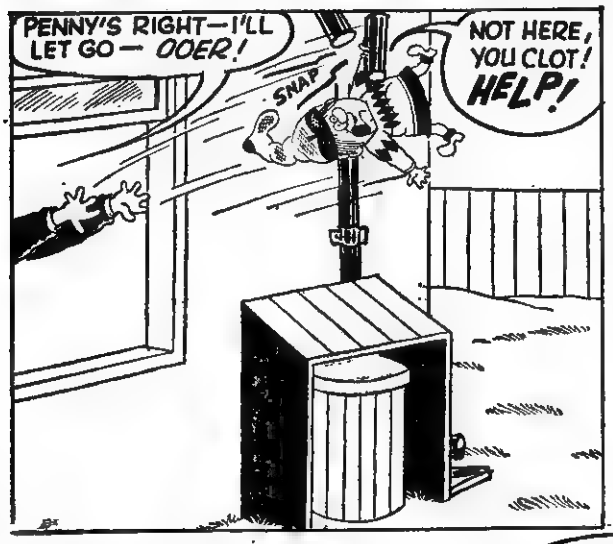
THE GAME'S UP, PENNY!— FIRST YOU'RE GOING TO RETURN LADY LEGGAT'S NYLON, THEN—
OOER!

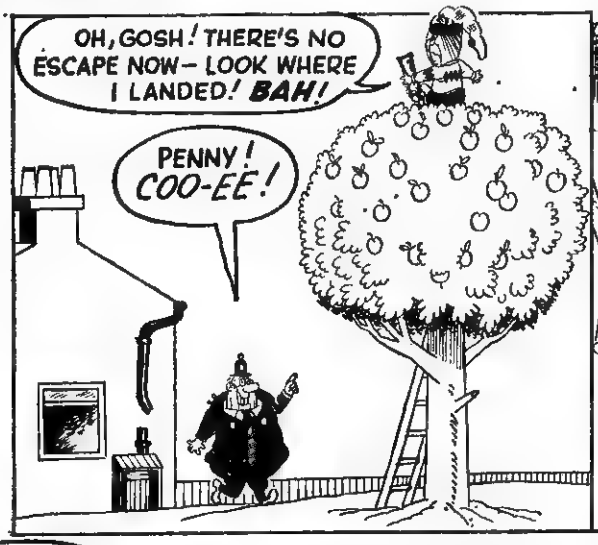
CROOKS USE NYLONS WHEN THEY DON'T WANT TO BE RECOGNISED— SO WHY NOT ME!

PENNY, SIR??— THERE'S NO PENNY HERE— TRY NEXT DOOR!

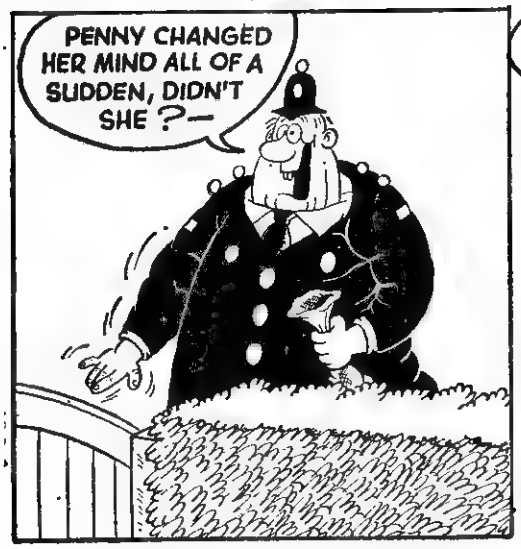
GRRR! I KNOW IT'S YOU IN THERE!— COME ON, GET IT OFF!
EEK! WATCH ME EARS!


HELP!
LET GO!
COR! SHE'S STUCK!

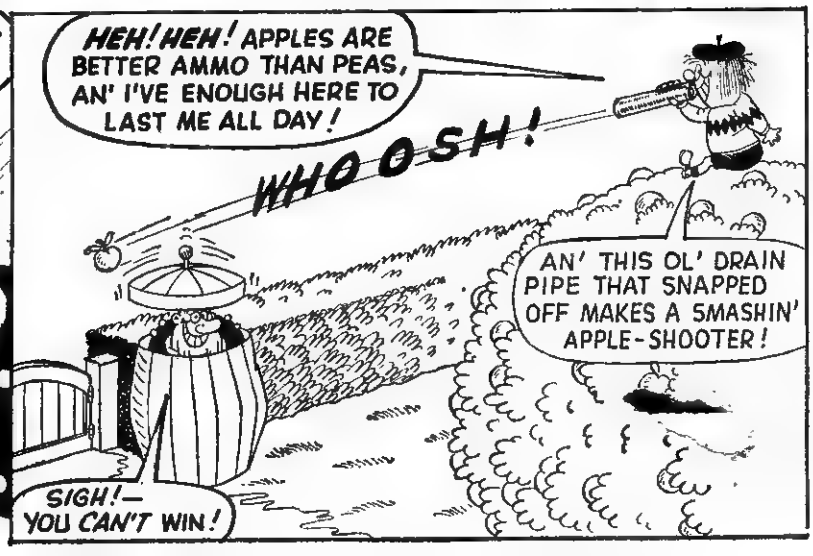

PENNY'S RIGHT—I'LL LET GO— OOER!
SNAP
NOT HERE, YOU CLOT! HELP!


OH, GOSH! THERE'S NO ESCAPE NOW— LOOK WHERE I LANDED! BAH!
PENNY! COO-EE!

TAKE YOUR NASTY NYLON —I DON'T WANT IT NOW!
??


PENNY CHANGED HER MIND ALL OF A SUDDEN, DIDN'T SHE?—

— I WONDER WH..? ARGH! ?
BONK!


HEH! HEH! APPLES ARE BETTER AMMO THAN PEAS, AN' I'VE ENOUGH HERE TO LAST ME ALL DAY!
WHOOSH!
AN' THIS OL' DRAIN PIPE THAT SNAPPED OFF MAKES A SMASHIN' APPLE-SHOOTER!
SIGH!— YOU CAN'T WIN!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN AND SAM ARE MIXED UP WITH AN AMERICAN FILM COMPANY, SHOOTING A PIRATE FILM—AND NOW THEY'VE GOT **REAL** TROUBLE—PIRATE TROUBLE—A **GHOSTLY PIRATE** IS FIRING CANNONBALLS AT THEIR SHIP FROM AN ISLAND FORT!...

Meet... Mister Knowall

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY!

IT'S easy — but if you want to keep your friends do it for matches, marbles or conkers. Right . . . just ask someone to take any amount of his marbles (matches or conkers) and count them without telling you the number.

Then bet him that you will add some of your own to his . . . so that if his number is odd yours will make it even—and if his number is even yours will make it odd. Don't worry . . . you'll win the lot every time. And here's why . . .

All you do is give him any ODD number of marbles (matches or conkers) you like. This will make any even number in his hand odd —or any odd number in his hand even . . . just as you said you'd do.

Believe it or not he'll be amazed. The obvious secret of this trick never seems to occur to people!

DO YOU KNOW?

ONE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED,
NOTHING, AND ONE—
TURNED BACK TO FRONT
MEANS NOTHING BUT. FUN.

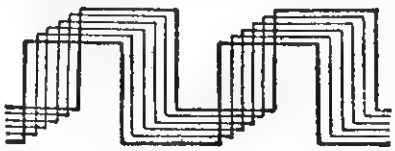
There is a word hidden in this poem—and all the clues are in it, too. Just to help you a bit, the word can be used to describe SMASH.

★

Why would you never give a blind man a fountain pen?

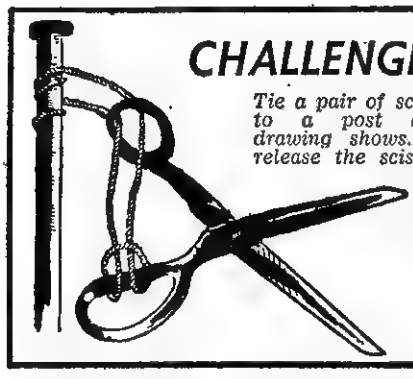
Could you throw a penny hard enough to kill a man?

A Russian had three sons. The eldest, RAB, was a lawyer; The second son, YVAN, was a sailor; The youngest became a soldier. What was his name?



The passages under the arches run upwards from left to right. TRUE or FALSE? Before you answer, stare hard at them and count twenty.

CHALLENGE!



Tie a pair of scissors with string to a post exactly as the drawing shows. Now, can you release the scissors without cutting or untying the string. I'll show you how it is done NEXT WEEK!

YOU WILL NOW!

Convert the figures into Roman numerals and the word in the poem is COMIC.

A fountain pen isn't much use to a blind man. He could safely write with a pencil, but he would never know when a fountain pen ran dry.

Yes... If you threw it from an aircraft about 5,000 feet up. The penny would strike its target with the force of a bullet.

His name was YMRA. Why?... Turn all the sons' names back to front and see!

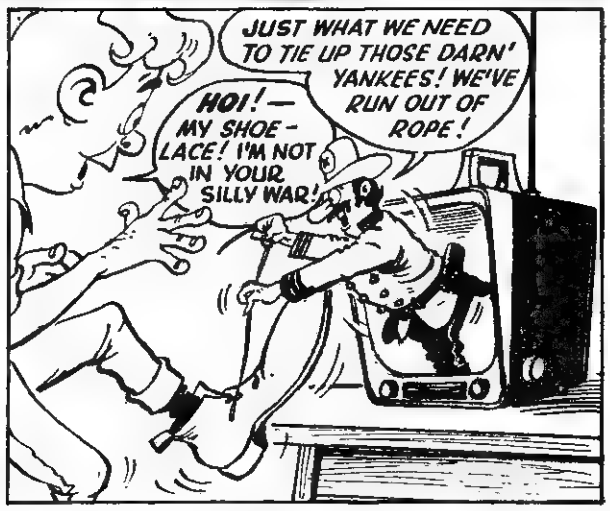
£1 for Knowalls

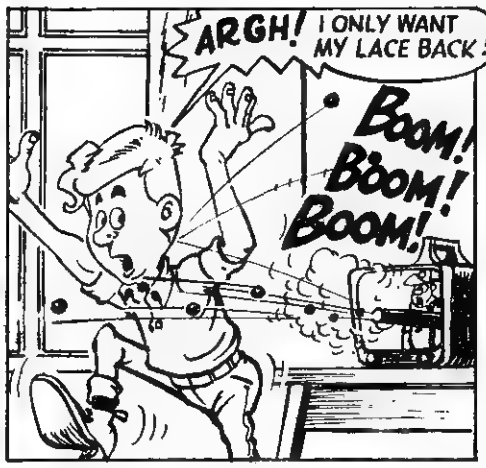
Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

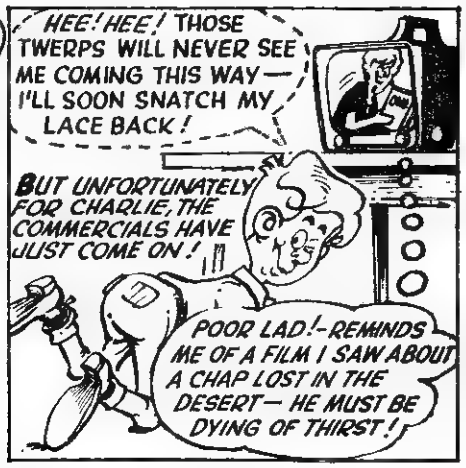
TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

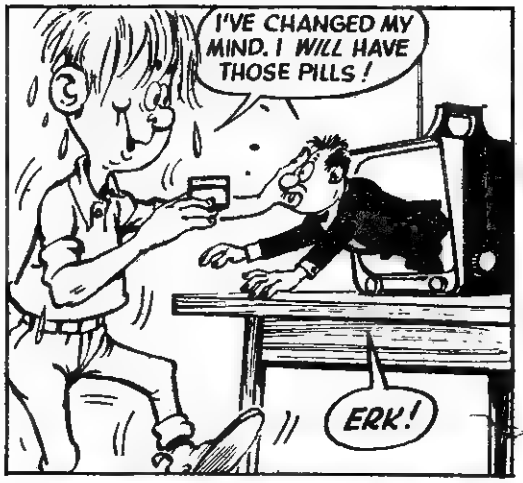
Charlie's Choice

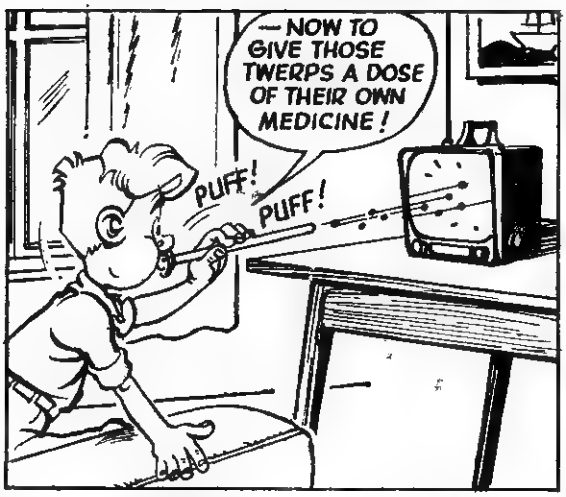
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

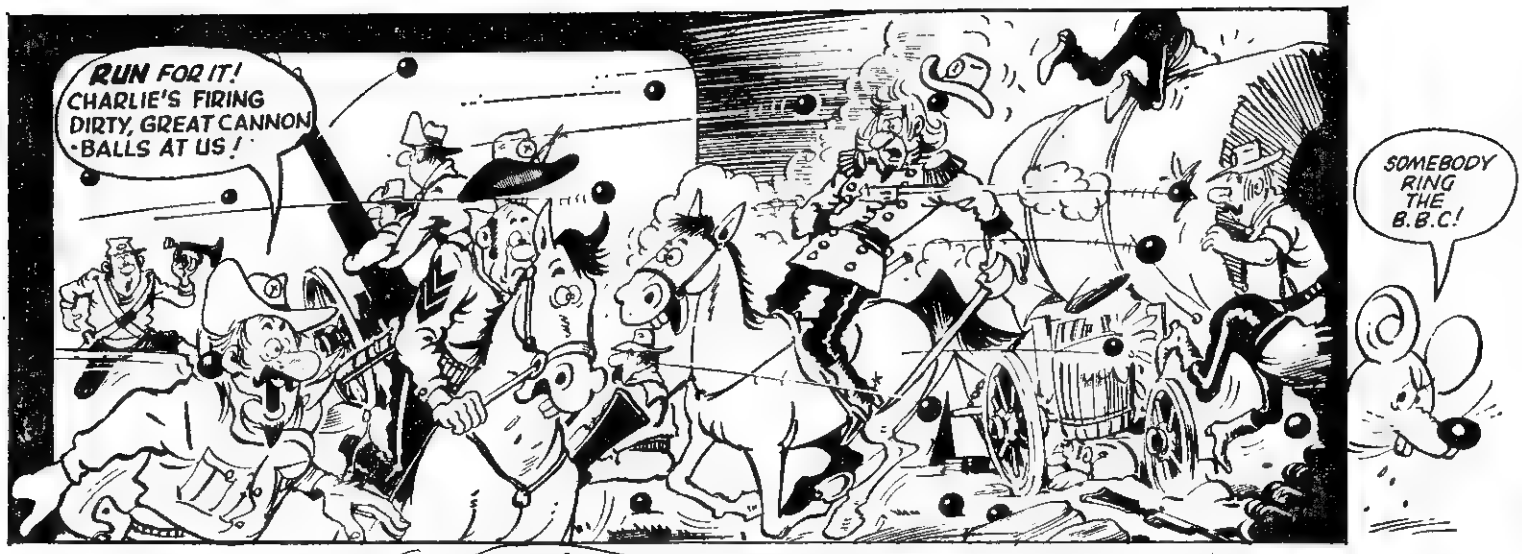


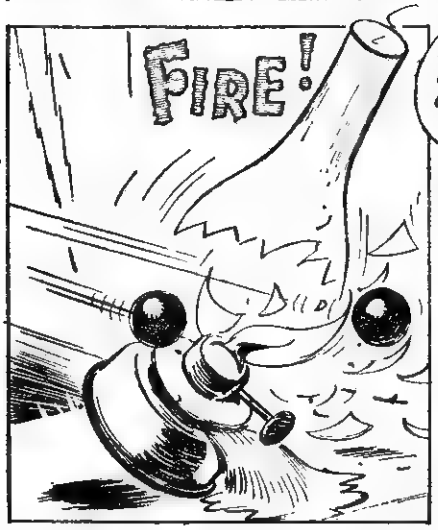




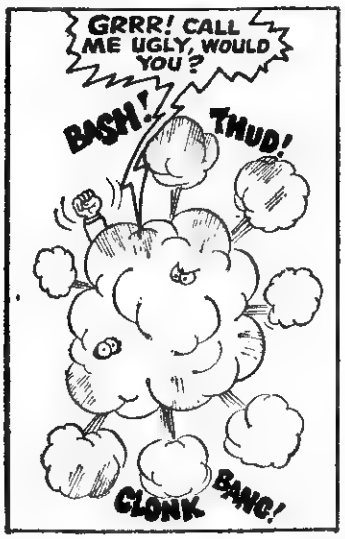








GRIMLY FEENDISH



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PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS. I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

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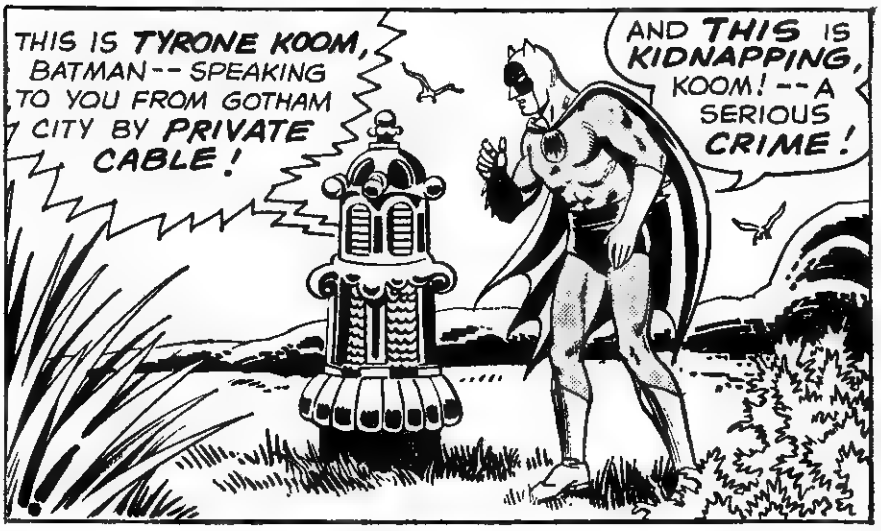
.....

BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder
GANGSTER PRETTY BOY HAS KIDNAPPED BATMAN — AND TAKEN HIM TO A LONELY ISLAND OWNED BY MILLIONAIRE TYRONE KOOM—
—AFTER LEAVING BATMAN A PRISONER ON THE SECRET ISLAND, THE KIDNAP-PLANE HEADS BACK FOR GOTHAM CITY...
THOSE PILOT FELLERS KNOW TOO MUCH, "PRETTY BOY"!
RIGHT NOW WE NEED THEM TO FLY US HOME. BUT--

THEN WE TAKE CARE OF 'EM, HUH?

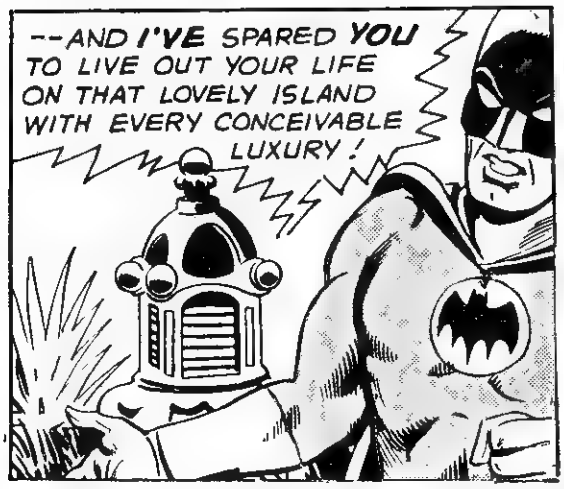
I CAN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE ANY WITNESSES ALIVE!


THIS IS TYRONE KOOM, BATMAN -- SPEAKING TO YOU FROM GOTHAM CITY BY PRIVATE CABLE!
AND THIS IS KIDNAPPING, KOOM! -- A SERIOUS CRIME!

BUT I'M NOT A CRIMINAL!!

YOU ARE NOW -- UNLESS YOU RID YOURSELF OF THOSE KILLERS AROUND YOU -- AND FAST!
KILLERS?!?

MADAME ZODIAC IS THE SWEETEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD! IT WAS SHE WHO WARNED ME THAT YOU PLANNED TO KILL ME!

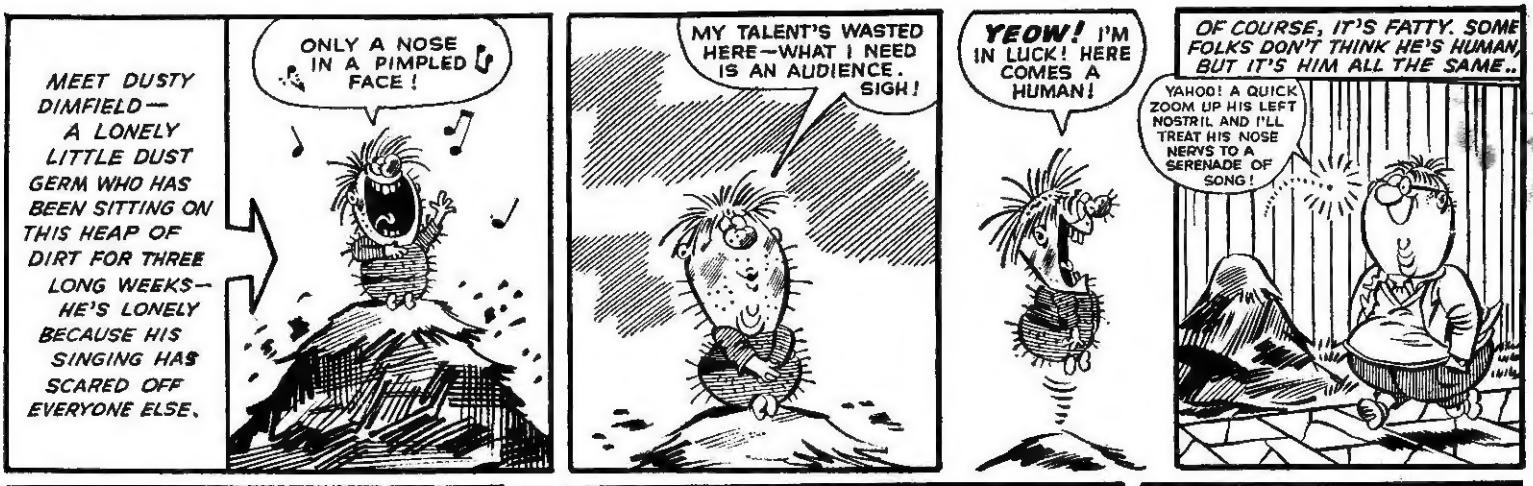

--AND I'VE SPARED YOU TO LIVE OUT YOUR LIFE ON THAT LOVELY ISLAND WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE LUXURY!

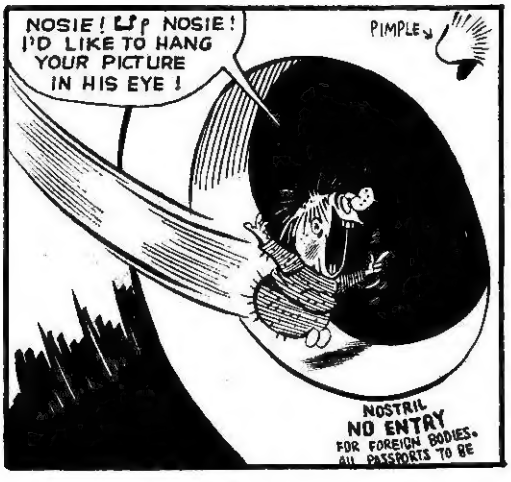
MEANWHILE, ROBIN THINKS BATMAN IS DEAD!
THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER BATMAN!
PARDON ME, YOUNG SIR, THE DOORBELL...

CUT THE COMEDY, JEEVES! YOU'RE THE BLOKE WHO DROVE ROBIN TO THE DOCTOR!
ER... AH... WHAT--?

HE--HE PUSHED HIS WAY IN, YOUNG SIR!
VERY INTERESTING! A KID WITH A BUSTED LEG-- JUST LIKE ROBIN!
ROBIN? ROBIN WHO??
COME OFF IT, KID! YOU GONNA TELL ME IT'S A COINCIDENCE?
THAT CAST PROVES ROBIN IS DICK GRAYSON...SO BATMAN MUST BE MILLIONAIRE BRUCE WAYNE!
GULP!
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU TELL THE WORLD THE SECRET OF BATMAN'S AND ROBIN'S TRUE IDENTITIES... BECAUSE BATMAN IS DEAD...
BUT I NEVER INTENDED TO TELL YOUR SECRET, KID--
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
--AND I INTERCEPTED A RADIO MESSAGE TO THE KIDNAP-PLANE INDICATING THAT BATMAN IS STILL ALIVE!
THAT'S GREAT NEWS!!
INDEED! BUT WHAT IS YOUR ANGLE, MR. "BLUE MAX"?
JUST FRIENDSHIP, ALFRED--AND MONEY!
© 1968 National Periodical Publications, Inc.
I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU! HAVING BATMAN OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A WHILE MAY MEAN A MILLION BUCKS TO ME!
BUT HOW?!?
I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PURCHASE A LITTLE GADGET THAT JUST MIGHT DO IT...
AN AUTHENTIC LIGHTWEIGHT BATMAN COSTUME!
YOU MEAN YOU PLAN TO IMPERSONATE BATMAN??
YOU CROOK! I WON'T LET YOU MASQUERADE AS BATMAN--EVEN IF MY LEG IS BROKEN!
TAKE IT EASY, KID!
BOB KANE
THE COSTUME ISN'T FOR ME! AND IF THINGS WORK OUT LIKE I HOPE THEY WILL--
--IT MAY EVEN HELP GET BATMAN BACK TO YOU, SAFE AND SOUND!
BUT--- BUT HOW??
BATINUED NEXT ISH.

THE NERVS


MEET DUSTY DIMFIELD— A LONELY LITTLE DUST GERM WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON THIS HEAP OF DIRT FOR THREE LONG WEEKS— HE'S LONELY BECAUSE HIS SINGING HAS SCARED OFF EVERYONE ELSE.
ONLY A NOSE IN A PIMPLED FACE!
MY TALENT'S WASTED HERE—WHAT I NEED IS AN AUDIENCE. SIGH!
YEOW! I'M IN LUCK! HERE COMES A HUMAN!
OF COURSE, IT'S FATTY. SOME FOLKS DON'T THINK HE'S HUMAN, BUT IT'S HIM ALL THE SAME..
YAHOO! A QUICK ZOOM UP HIS LEFT NOSTRIL AND I'LL TREAT HIS NOSE NERVS TO A SERENADE OF SONG!


NOSIE! NOSIE! I'D LIKE TO HANG YOUR PICTURE IN HIS EYE!
PIMPLE
NOSTRIL NO ENTRY FOR FOREIGN BODIES. ALL PASSPORTS TO BE

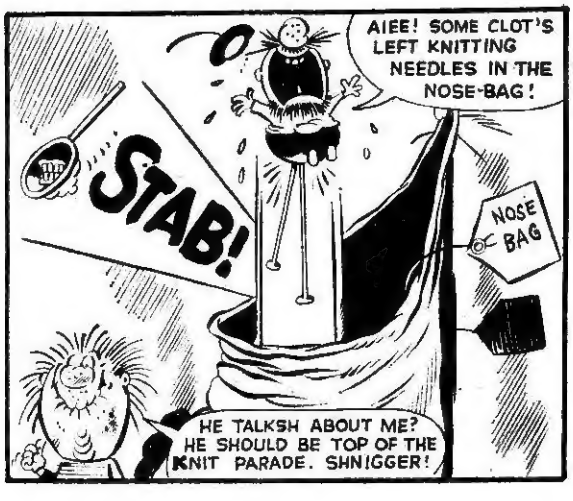
TRA-LA-LA-LAAH
IT'S HORRIBLE! IT'S HORRIBLE!
AAGH! WHAT'S THAT DIN? ME EARDRUMS ARE SHATTERING!
CAN'T A CONK NERV HAVE A GAME OF CONKERS IN PEACE?

THIS IS A NOSEGAY, FOLKS—A POSH NAME FOR A LOAD OF OLD FLOWERS! AND THEM OPERA BLOKES ARE ALWAYS HAVING FLOWERS THROWN AT THEM! HEH! HEH!

SPLAT!
AAGH! THEY'RE AS HARD AS A BRICK— THEY MUST BE HARDY ANNUALS!
COO! TEEF!
WHEE!

I CAN'T SHING WISHOUT TEESH! BRING SHEM BACK!
HAVE A BASH AT 'DOO-AH DIDDY GUM-GUM'! HEH! HEH!

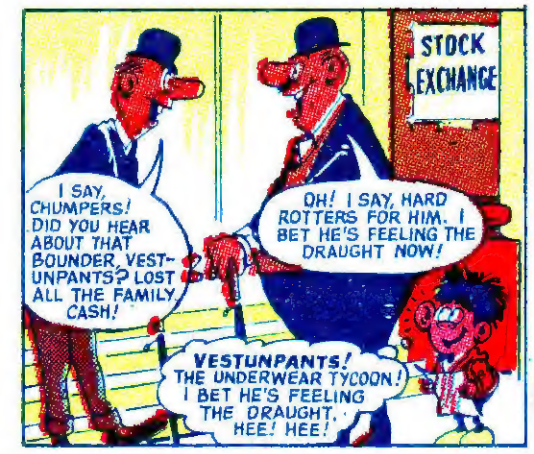
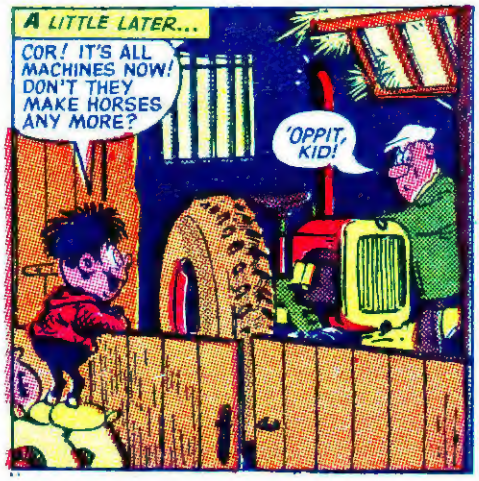
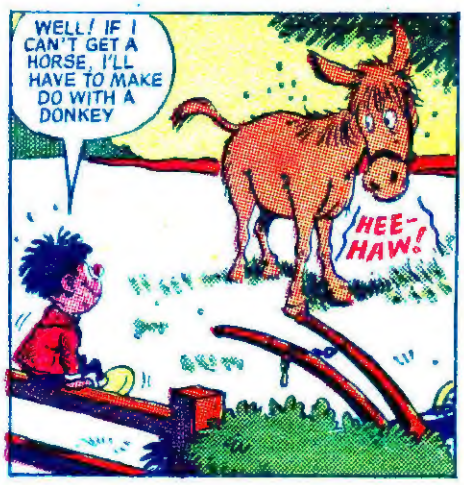
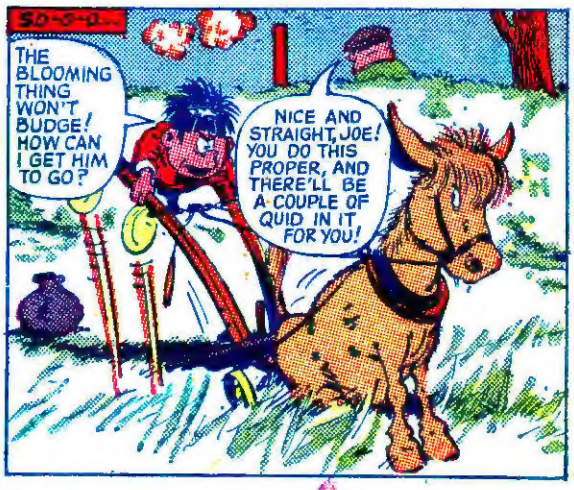
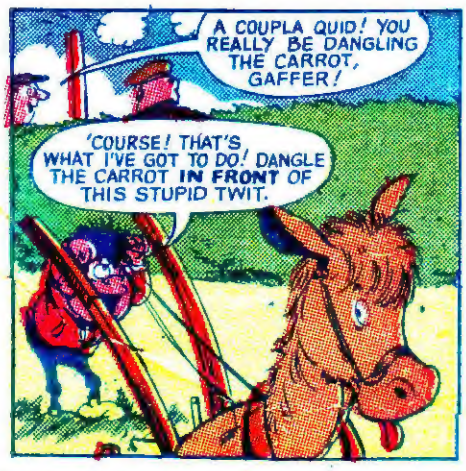
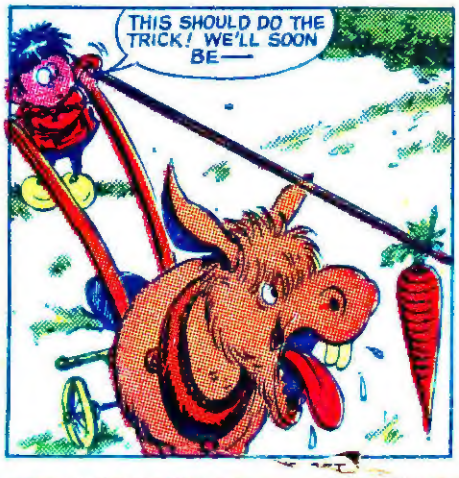
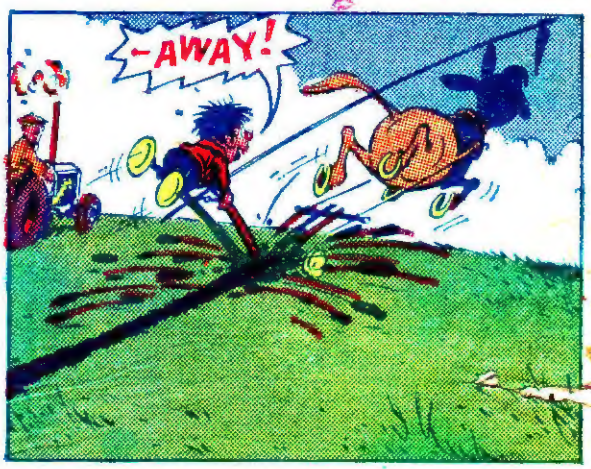
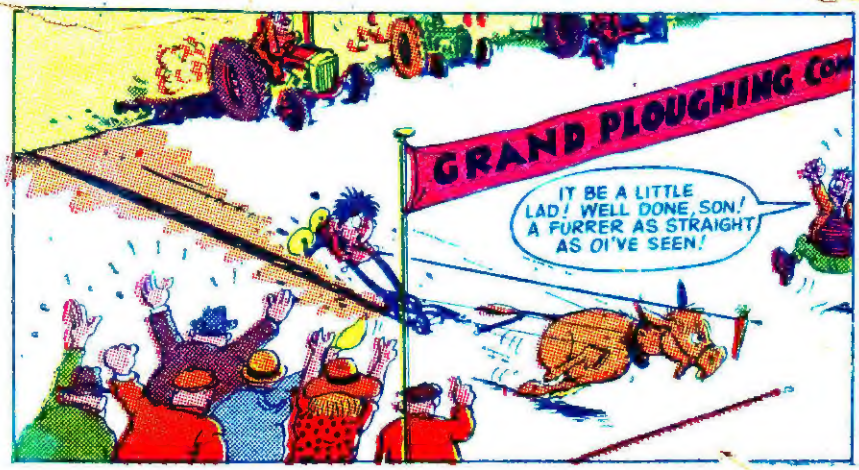
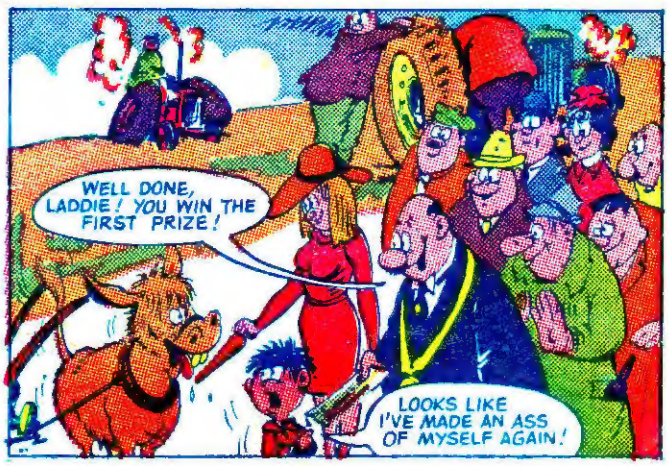
THAT TWERP WILL NEVER FIND ME IN THE NOSE-BAG. HE'S TOO STUPID—HE SHOULD BE TOP OF THE NIT PARADE! TEE-HEE!
NOSE BAG


AIEE! SOME CLOT'S LEFT KNITTING NEEDLES IN THE NOSE-BAG!
STAB!
NOSE BAG
HE TALKSH ABOUT ME? HE SHOULD BE TOP OF THE KNIT PARADE. SHNIGGER!

GRR! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT—THE LADS WILL GET YOU!
NOT A SHANCE— I'LL LULL THEM TO SHLEEP WITH A LULLABY.

CLOBBERISATION!
PULVERISATION!
G-GULP! HERE SHEY COME!

GO TO SHLEEP, MY BABIESH— IT'SH TIME TO NOD THEM IN!
BLAT!
HEH! HEH! IT'S YOU WHO'S GOING TO SLEEP, MATE— HAVE SOME PIANO FORTE WINKS!
THE DIRTY LITTLE TWERP— HIS HEAD'S FULL OF DANDRUFF! THERE'S AT LEAST HALF A HUNDREDWEIGHT THERE!
COO! LOOK! THAT GERM'S DANDRUFF IS HEADING FOR THE NOSE GARDEN...
DANGER DO NOT TOUCH! HIGHLY SENSITIVE SNEEZE PLANTS ACTIVATED BY THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH!
AAGH! KEEP AWAY FROM THERE! THAT STUFF MUSTN'T TOUCH THOSE FEELERS! SOMEBODY STOP IT!
DANGER DO NOT TOUC HIGHLY SENSITI SNEEZE PLAN ACTIVATED BY THE SLIGHT TOUCH!
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
AAH- AAH- AAH-
FATTY'S TILTED HIS HEAD BACK—WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW!
WE CAN'T GET NEAR THE BLINKING THINGS! THE TWERP!
DANGER DO NOT TOUCH! HIGHLY SENSITIVE SNEEZE PLANTS ACTIVATED BY THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH!
ATCHOO!!
SPLAT!
?
I THINK I HAD SOMETHING UP MY NOSE.
GRR! YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR NOSE IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN —MY FIST!
COO! DON'T WORRY, I WON'T! I'D HAVE LOST ME DINNER IF YOUR FACE HADN'T STOPPED IT
GRR! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I GET UP ANYONE'S NOSE! IT MIGHT BE LONELY ON ME MUCK HEAP—BUT IT'S A JOLLY SIGHT SAFER!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH